



ALIEN WORLDS™

#4





c/o PACIFIC COMICS / 8423 Production Ave. / San Diego, CA 92121

Dear Editor:

I loved Aurora! Simply sensational—the art, the colors, the story. More please, more! Dave Stevens is my #1, clear-field favorite, and yes, you are very fortuitous to have him. Hands down, he is your best artist, although *Alien Worlds* is, in general, quite remarkable. It is, indeed, a nice change from the “boys in technicolor tights.” You have carried off the concept quite well in this, as well as in *Twisted Tales*. (I especially like the “Infected”; geez, what an opener!)

It would be nice to see Aurora in her own book... Although any Dave Stevens is just fine with me.

Good luck West Coast. I love the competition.

Jennifer Conway
18 N. Oak Ave., B-11
Clifton Heights, PA 19018

Dear Bruce,

After sending you my first letter one or two months ago, regarding the refreshingly high quality of your magazines, I really didn't think I'd be writing again so soon. But that was before I read *Alien Worlds* #3. Forgive me for gushing like a fan, but this issue seems to me a high-water mark in illustrated science-fiction, all the ECs included. “Dark Passage” was, simply, lovely. I kept picturing Ray Bradbury reading this story, which lovingly incorporates the spirit of his early work, and smiling from ear to ear. “Pi in the Sky” was one of the most graphically exciting pieces this field has seen. Stunning composition: the decision of running the narrative across two pages instead of one was absolutely right. And, of course, where another writer would have simply ended it with the revelation that what we were seeing was two men engaged in video-game warfare, you took it several steps further. As I expected you would. Finally: “The Inheritors.” This is one of the finest comic stories I've ever read. Rarely has the “surprise ending” been used with such quiet confidence by a writer to illuminate and deepen what has gone before. And, as is common with your work, I was pleased in re-reading to discover that all the clues we needed to piece together the true origins of your aliens were interwoven into the text with subtlety and intelligence: maybe that's why I've already re-read this particular story 3 times with ever-increasing pleasure. But the most outstanding feature of “The Inheritors” was this: it was *imagined*, not concocted or fabricated. Cole-ridge made a distinction between works of imagination and works of fancy; the former engage the writer (and reader) at all levels—the latter do not. After decades of comic-book writing that has had as its goal the fanciful distraction of the reader's

mind (sometimes a very enjoyable distraction, to be sure), it comes as a shock to encounter a writer whose standards of achievement begin at the point where others end... if they're lucky.

I haven't mentioned the artists. They're wonderful, and their gifts enhance and complement your own. I remain transfixed by the splash page of “Dark Passage” and by the first page, especially, of “The Inheritors.” Who is Scott Hampton anyway and how did he get so good? Ken Steacy's use of color on his own work, and Steve Oliff's on everybody else's is all that anyone could hope for... Also, I liked reading 3 longer stories as opposed to 4 of shorter lengths; please continue to let the dictates of the tale being told determine the number of pages... Also, how about biographies of your artists, and how about adapting some of the work of Cordwainer Smith, and how about—

I think you get the idea.

Ralph Pape
364 W. 18 St. #4C
New York, NY 10011

Dear Gents,

I just finished reading *Alien Worlds* #2. My first reaction? HOORAY!

Dave Stevens is the freshest breath of air to hit comics in years. “Aurora” was a masterpiece of story and art. My congrats to Mr. Jones and Mr. Stevens. Aurora is innocent, beautiful, sexy, daring, and dangerous. I'm in love.

I hope there is more to the Aurora myth as I understand that the lead feature is at least 5 years old. I pray Jones and Stevens did much more material on this gorgeous creature. I hope to see her again!

“Vicious Circle” I consider to be pure “sequential art”! Ken Steacy utilizes the form to its fullest. Nice work, Ken! I hope to see more.

Welcome back to the drawing table, Bruce. “A Mind of Her Own” was some *good* stuff! I'm looking forward to more art from you. I've always liked your stories. Let's hope you get to illustrate more often.

Gee whiz, fellas, between *Alien Worlds* and *Twisted Tales* I'm not quite sure which is the best comic to come along in years.

All I can say is thank the heavens for Pacific Comics!

Kurt R. Hathaway
453 W. 22nd St. #5R
New York, NY 10011

ALIEN WORLDS, Vol. 1, No. 4, September, 1983. Published bimonthly by Pacific Comics. Bruce Jones and April Campbell, Editors. Steve and Bill Schanes, Publishers. Paul Tollerday, Production Coordinator; Tony Frutti, Graphic Artist. Kevin Montano, Jon Hartz, and Ken Kruger, Circulation Managers. Office of Publication: 8423 Production Ave., San Diego, CA 92121. (619) 566-3290. TWISTED TALES™ is ©1983 by Bruce Jones Associates. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without the permission of the copyright holder. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine to any living or dead persons or institutions is intended and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Cover painting is ©1983 by Dave Stevens. “Princess Pam”: art is ©1983 by Dave Stevens and Bruce Jones, story is ©1983 by Bruce Jones Associates. “Girl of My Schemes”: art is ©1983 by Bo Hampton, story is ©1983 by Bruce Jones Associates. “One Day in Ohio”: art is ©1983 by Ken Steacy, story is ©1983 by Bruce Jones Associates. “Deep Secret”: art is ©1983 by Jeff Jones, story is ©1983 by Bruce Jones Associates. “Land of the Fhre”: art is ©1983 by Al Williamson, story is ©1983 by Bruce Jones Associates. A Bruce Jones Associates Production. Printed in the United States of America.

To Cliff —

DAVE STEVENS

PRINCESS PAM



IT LOOKED **BAD**...AS BAD A WRECK AS CYNX COULD EVER REMEMBER. AND IT WAS ALL **SO UNNECESSARY**. IF HE HAD BEEN **WATCHING** HIS MISTRESS AS USUAL, IF HE HAD BEEN AT THE **CONTROLS** INSTEAD OF GIVING HIMSELF A LUBE JOB, THE ACCIDENT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PREVENTED. AT LEAST NO ONE HAD BEEN SERIOUSLY **HURT**. AT LEAST HIS MISTRESS WAS **ALIVE**...**SO FAR**...

HOW **BAD** IS IT, CYNX? DOES THE **RADIO** STILL WORK? DID YOU GET THROUGH TO **EARTH**?

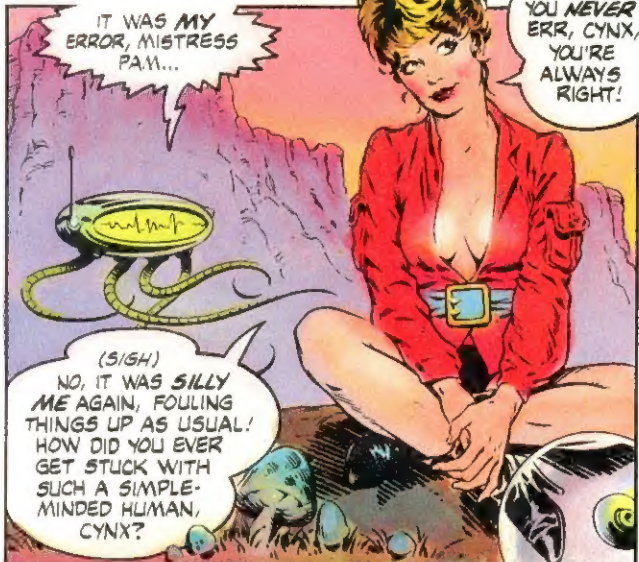
A RESCUE SHIP WILL BE HERE TOMORROW, MISS PAMELA. MEANWHILE, YOU MAY **REMOVE** YOUR HELMET—MY SENSORS SHOW THE AIR IS **GOOD**.

JONES & Stevens

THE **AIR**, YES... BUT WHAT ABOUT **SUSTENANCE**? WHERE WOULD HE FIND **FOOD** FOR HER ON THIS ENDLESS **ROCKPILE**?...CYNX SENT HIS **SCANNERS** SEARCHING FAR AND WIDE FOR SOME SIGN OF **DIGESTIBLE NOURISHMENT**...



I'M REALLY **TERRIBLY** SORRY, CYNX... I-I SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO FLY HER **ALL** BY MYSELF...



IT WAS MY **ERROR**, MISTRESS PAM...

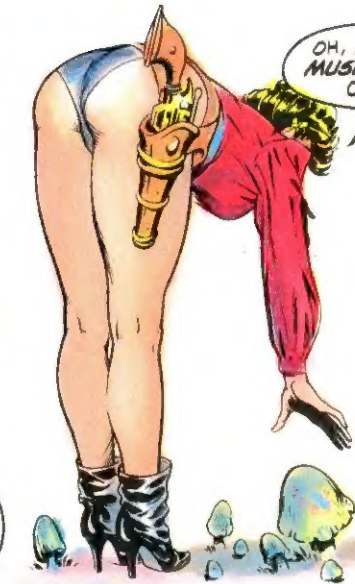
OH, **POO!** YOU NEVER ERR, CYNX, YOU'RE ALWAYS **RIGHT!**

(SIGH) NO, IT WAS **SILLY** ME AGAIN, FOULING THINGS UP AS USUAL! HOW DID YOU EVER GET STUCK WITH SUCH A SIMPLE-MINDED **HUMAN**, CYNX?

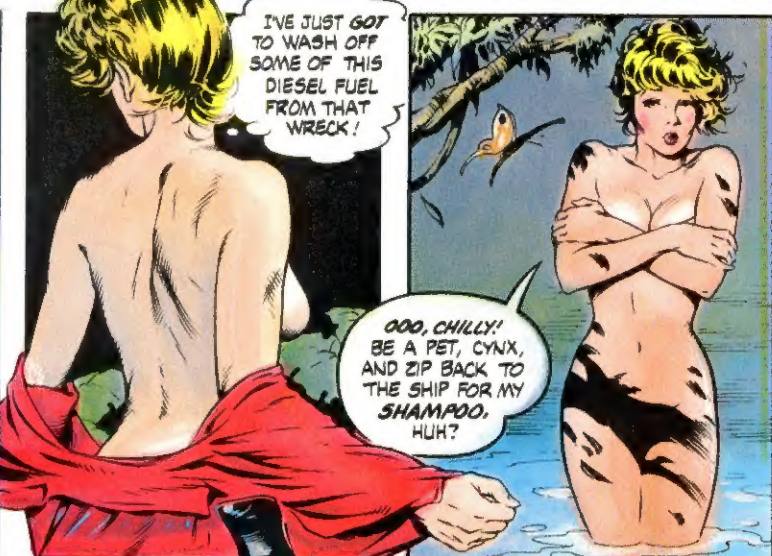
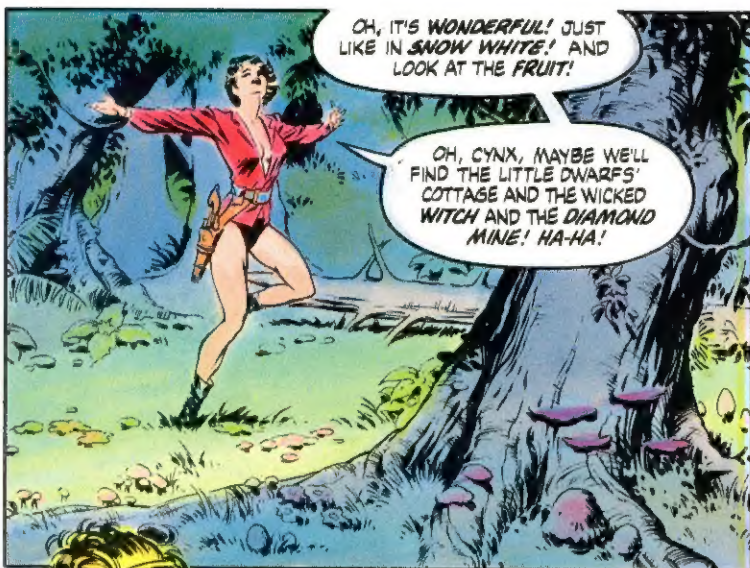
SCRIPT AND PENCILS: BRUCE JONES INKS: DAVE STEVENS

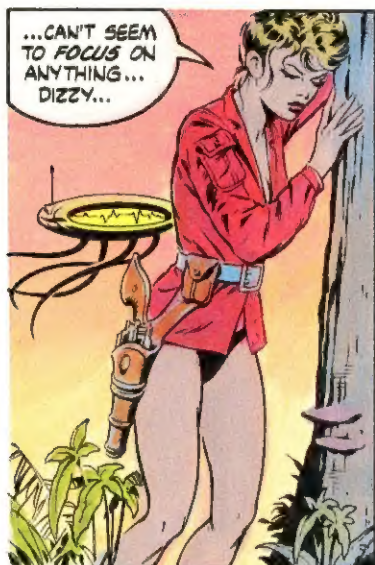
Lettering: Carrie McCarthy Coloring: Joe Chiodo

Bruce Jones



THEY WALKED. CYNX WATCHED HER CLOSELY. THEN, GRADUALLY, THINGS BEGAN TO CHANGE...





...CAN'T SEEM
TO FOCUS ON
ANYTHING...
DIZZY...

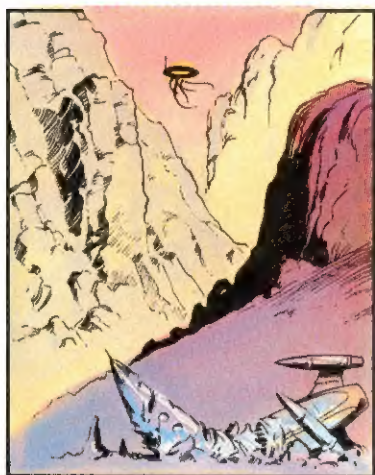


...CYNX...
WHA...WHAT'S
HAPPENING
...TO ME...?



...THE MUSHROOMS...
POISONOUS...WH-WHY
DID YOU LET ME EAT
THEM, CYNX?

...THE SHIP...THE
RADIO...YOU DIDN'T GET
THROUGH, DID YOU, CYNX?
THEY'RE NOT COMING TO
RESCUE US, ARE THEY...



CYNX HURRIED BACK TO THE MANGLED
FUSELAGE...THERE WERE
TOOLS ON BOARD, AND THE HULL
WAS STAINLESS STEEL...



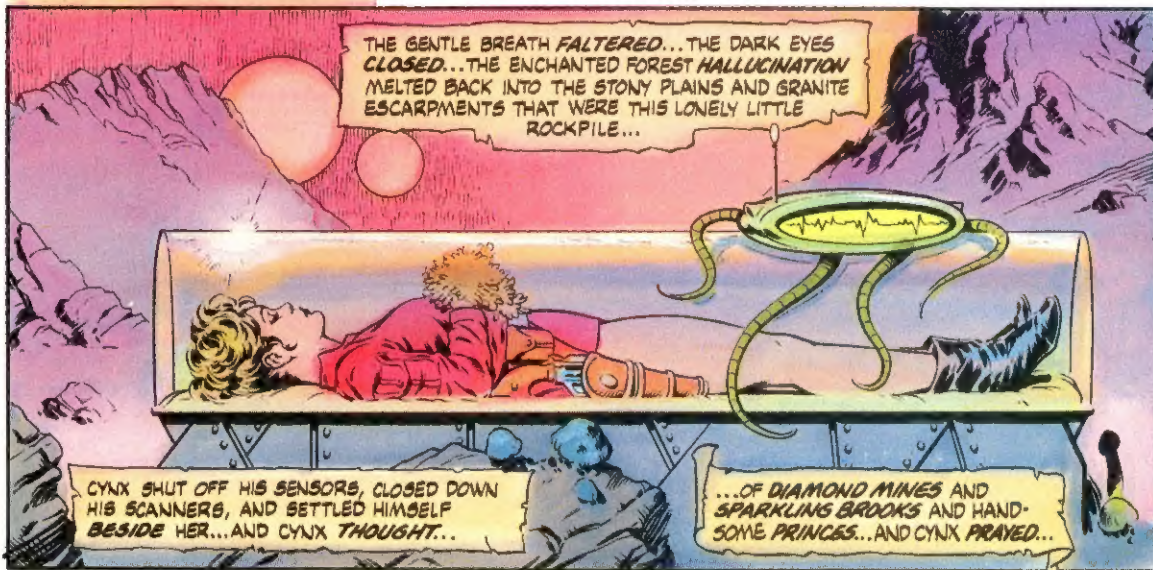
...I...I'M NOT
MAD, CYNX...I
KNOW WHY...
YOU DID IT...
I ONLY WISH...

BANG!
BANG!

...I ONLY WISH
I HADN'T...DRAGGED
YOU ALONG...
WITH ME...



...WHAT...WILL YOU DO...
CYNX?...WHAT...WILL YOU
DO...ALL ALONE...ALL
...ALONE...



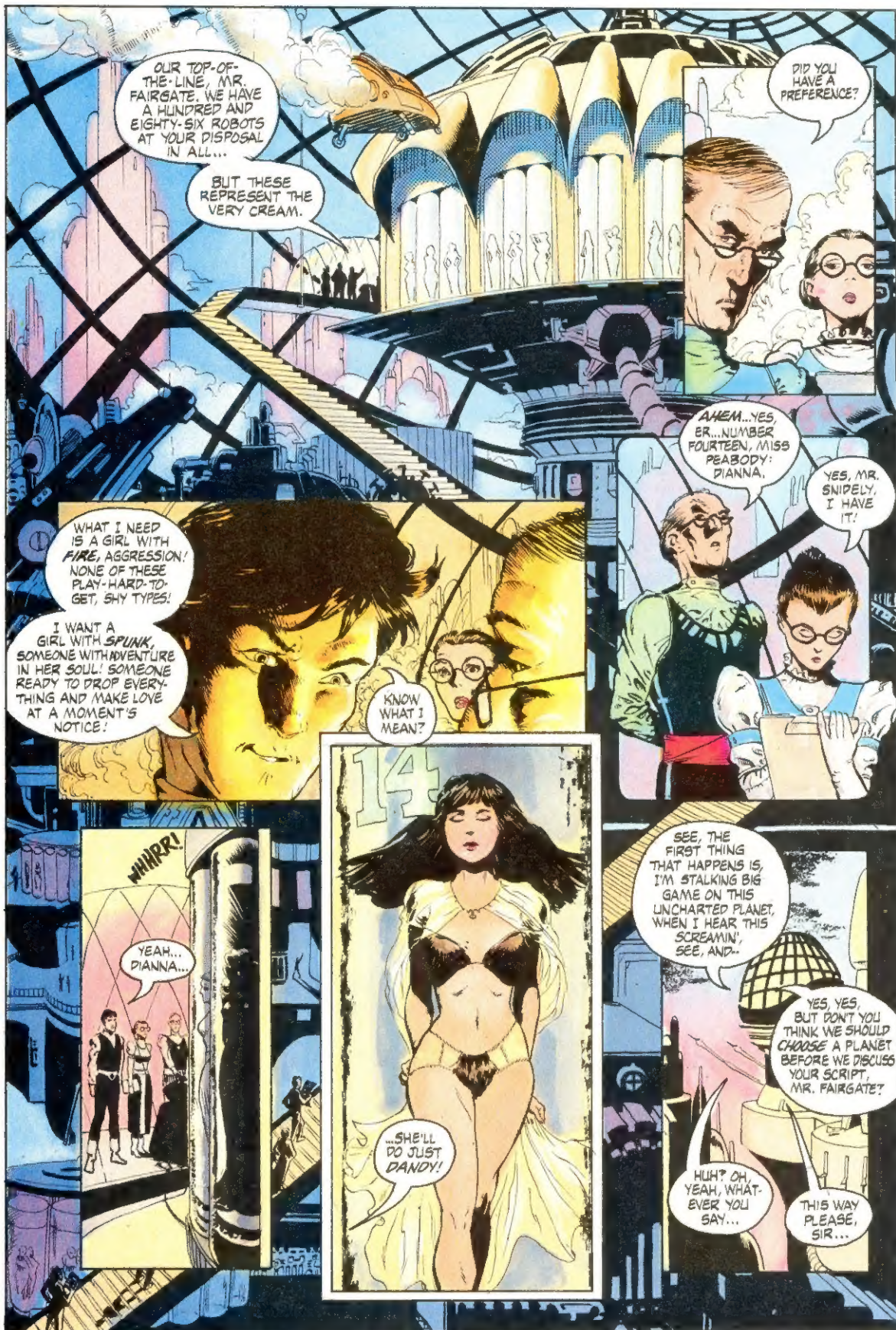
THE GENTLE BREATH FALTERED...THE DARK EYES
CLOSED...THE ENCHANTED FOREST HALLUCINATION
MELTED BACK INTO THE STONY PLAINS AND GRANITE
ESCARPMENTS THAT WERE THIS LONELY LITTLE
ROCKPILE...

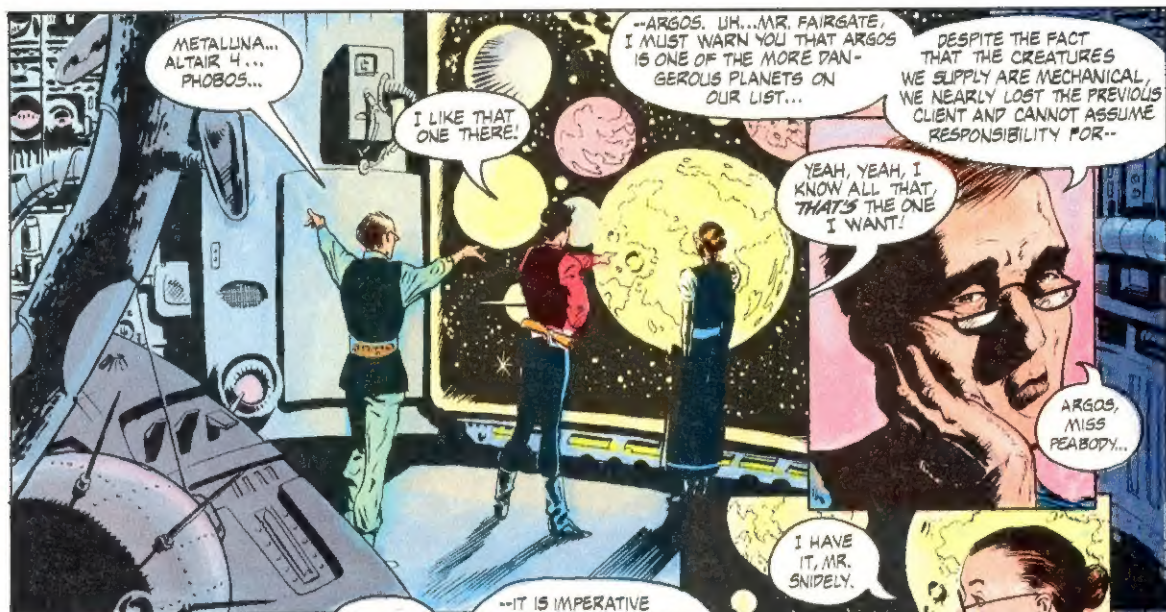
CYNX SHUT OFF HIS SENSORS, CLOSED DOWN
HIS SCANNERS, AND SETTLED HIMSELF
BESIDE HER...AND CYNX THOUGHT...

...OF DIAMOND MINES AND
SPARKLING BROOKS AND HAND-
SOME PRINCES...AND CYNX PRAYED...

OF MY S M S







METALUNA...
ALTAIR 4...
PHOBOS...

I LIKE THAT
ONE THERE!

--ARGOS. UH...MR. FAIRGATE,
I MUST WARN YOU THAT ARGOS
IS ONE OF THE MORE DAN-
GEROUS PLANETS ON
OUR LIST...

DESPITE THE FACT
THAT THE CREATURES
WE SUPPLY ARE MECHANICAL,
WE NEARLY LOST THE PREVIOUS
CLIENT AND CANNOT ASSUME
RESPONSIBILITY FOR--

YEAH, YEAH, I
KNOW ALL THAT,
THAT'S THE ONE
I WANT!

ARGOS,
MISS
PEABODY...

I HAVE
IT, MR.
SNIDELY.

NOW AS
TO YOUR
SCRIPT, MR.
FAIRGATE--

--IT IS IMPERATIVE
THAT YOU BEGIN YOUR
FANTASY WELL-REHEARSED.
WE'LL GIVE A COPY OF YOUR
SCENARIO TO OUR ROBOTICS
TEAM;
YOUR DIANNA
MODEL WILL HAVE
IT STORED IN HER
MEMORY UNIT
INSTANTLY...

YEAH!
SEE, I'VE CRASH
LANDED ON THIS
UNCHARTED
PREHISTORIC
PLANET AND--

...SHE WILL REPRODUCE
WHATEVER YOU'VE WRITTEN,
CLUED BY YOUR OWN VOICE, BUT
YOU MUST STICK STRICTLY TO
THE SCRIPT! OUR ROBOTS CAN-
NOT INVENT CONVERSATION,
MR. FAIRGATE!

YOU'LL HAVE EXACTLY
24 HOURS WITH HER, AFTER
WHICH YOU WILL RETURN HER
IMMEDIATELY TO DAY DREAMS
INC. YOU UNDERSTAND?

YEAH, YEAH,
SURE, SURE!
HERE'S THE
SCRIPT!

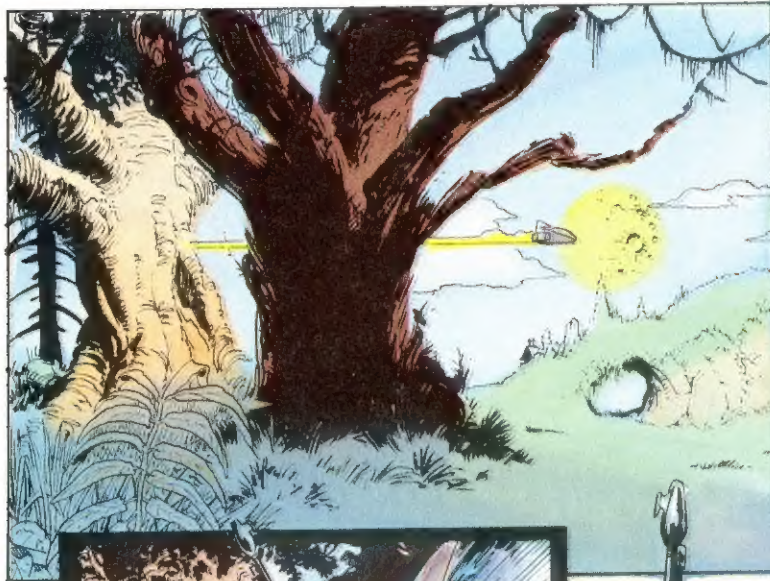
(SIGH) WE TRY
TO PROVIDE A LITTLE
COMPANIONSHIP AGAINST
A VACATION BACKGROUND,
AND THIS IS WHAT
WE GET! IS IT WORTH
IT, MISS PEABODY?

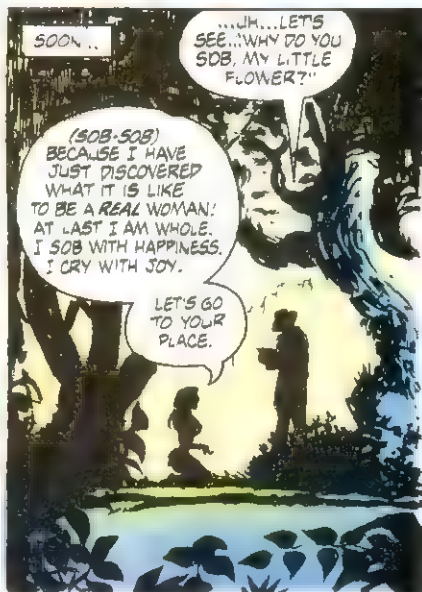
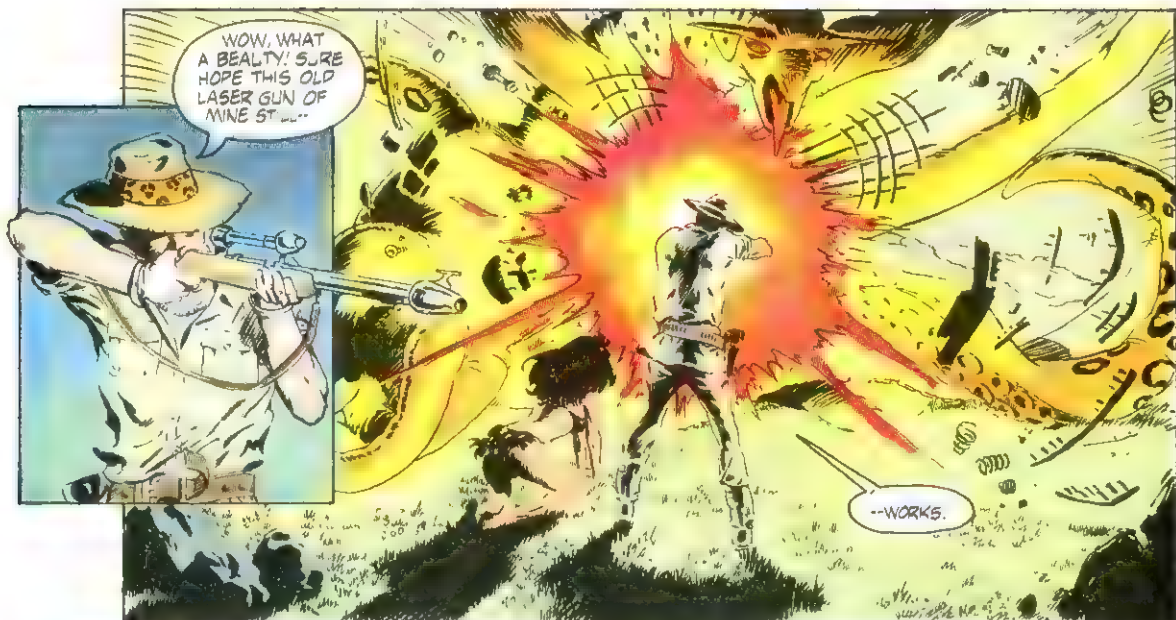
TEN MINUTES
LATER...

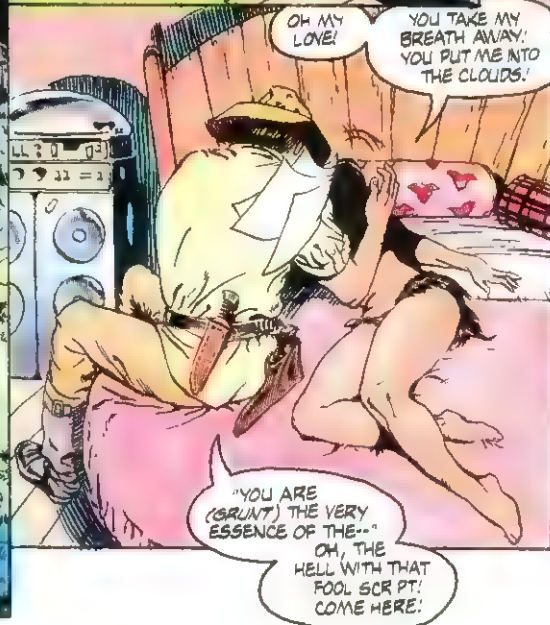
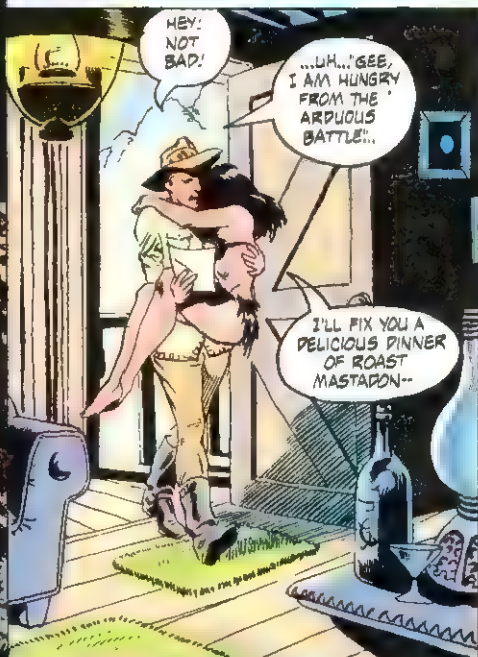
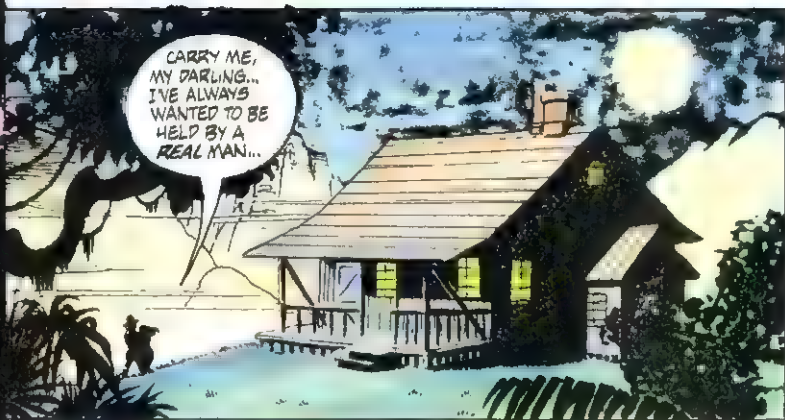
DISGUSTING MAN!
I THOUGHT HE'D NEVER
LEAVE! DID YOU READ
THE SCRIPT, MISS
PEABODY?

YES! FILTHY!
SEX ON EVERY
PAGE. THE MAN
IS AN ANIMAL,
MR. SNIDELY!

WE CAN
ONLY DO
OUR BEST,
MR.
SNIDELY!





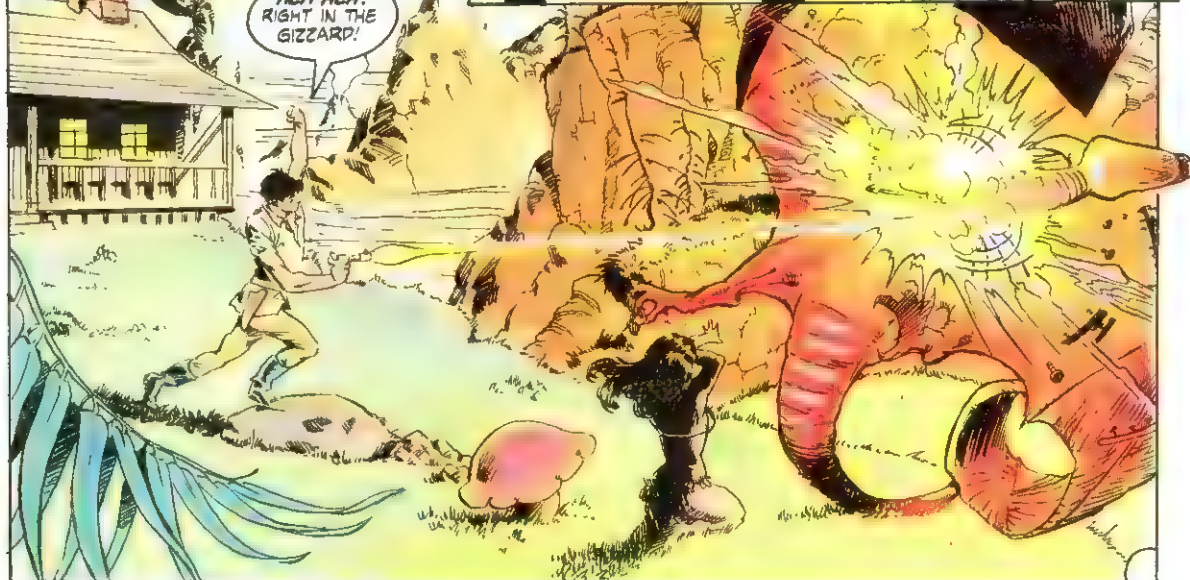




SHORTLY...

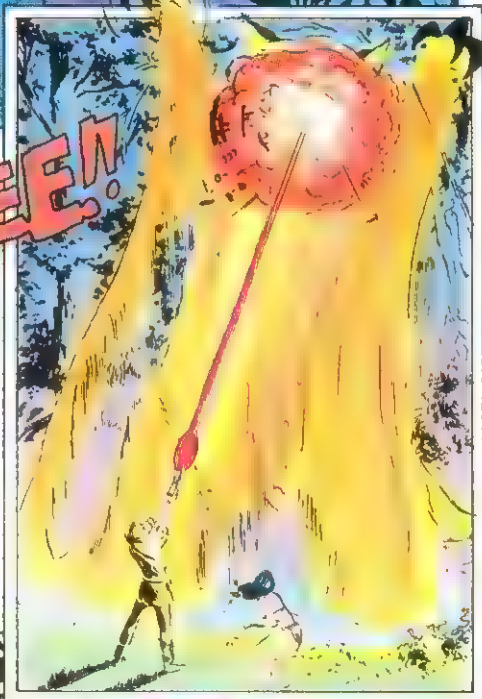
EEEEEEEEEE!

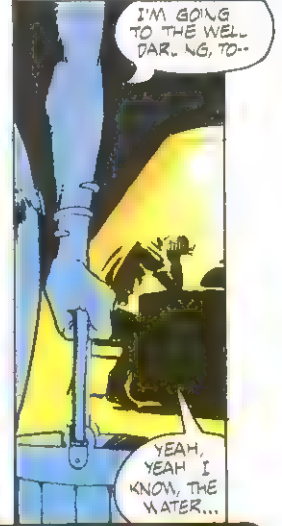
OH, BOY! MORE MONSTERS!





EEEEEE!







YOU WERE
MAGNIFICENT, MY
WORSHIP! MAKE
LOVE TO ME NOW!
HERE ON THE WARM
EARTH--



NO, NO! STAY AWAY
FROM ME! BY GOD,
I'LL BLAST YOU TO
BOLTS JUST LIKE I
DID THE OTHERS.



NO, WAIT.
DON'T SHOOT.
WAIT! I'M REAL!
SEE?

MISS
PEABODY! WHAT
IN THE WORLD--



YOU THINK IT'S EASY, PAY
AFTER PAY, YEAR AFTER
YEAR SITTING THERE WITH
THAT PRIMPY WIMP SNIDELY
LOOKING AT ALL THOSE EXOTIC
LOCALS READING ALL THOSE
EROTIC SCENARIOS? I'M A
WOMAN, DAMN IT. I NEED
A VACATION, TOO. ONLY... IT'S
AGAINST COMPANY POLICY
FOR EMPLOYEES... (SOB)..



I-I UNDERWENT
SOME MINOR SURGERY
TO MAKE MYSELF LOOK
LIKE THE ROBOT (SOB)...
PLEASE MR. FAIRGATE
DON'T REPORT ME; I
NEED THE JOB! I'LL
DO ANYTHING YOU
SAY, ABSOLUTELY
ANYTHING!

ANYTHING,
MISS PEABODY?...

WHAT TH--
MR. SNIDELY!!



FAIRGATE WAS SENT
ELSEWHERE, I'M AFRAID.
(HEH-HEH) THIS IS MY
FIFTH TIME AT IT, MISS
PEABODY... I'M SURPRISED
IT TOOK YOU SO LONG
TO COME AROUND!



I'VE BEEN TRICKING
THAT FOOL COMPANY
FOR YEARS (HEH-HEH)
...NEVER WITH A LIVE
PARTNER, HOWEVER...

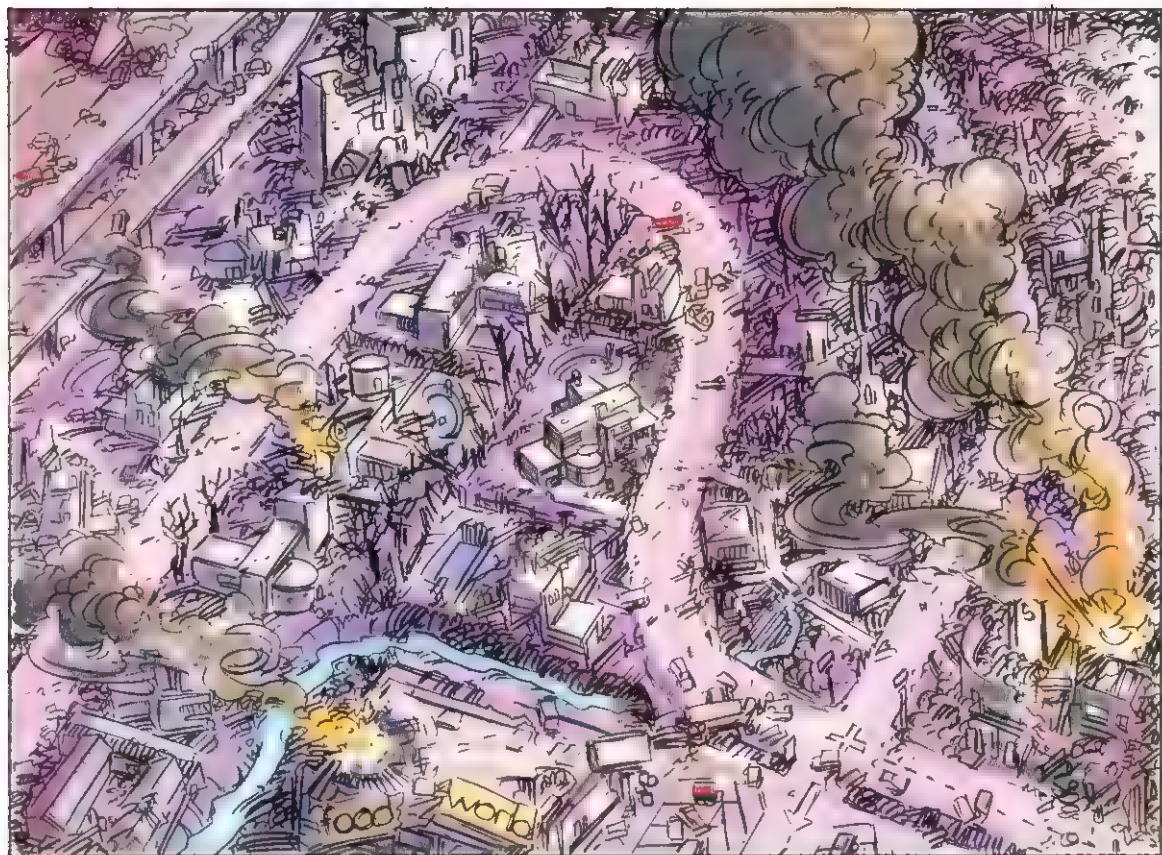
BUT
MR. SNIDELY,
WHAT DO WE
DO NOW?



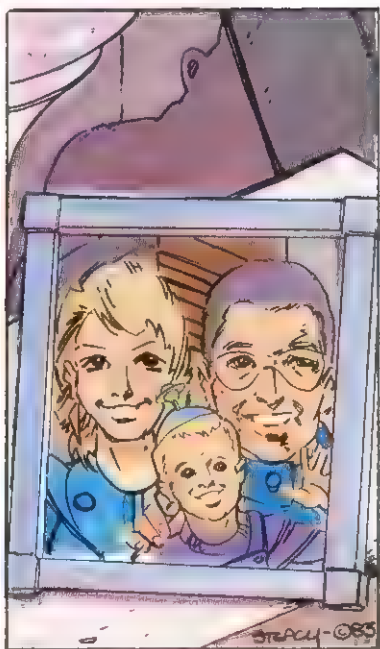
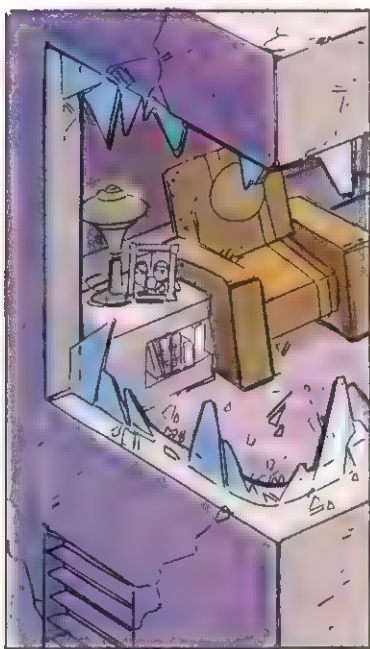
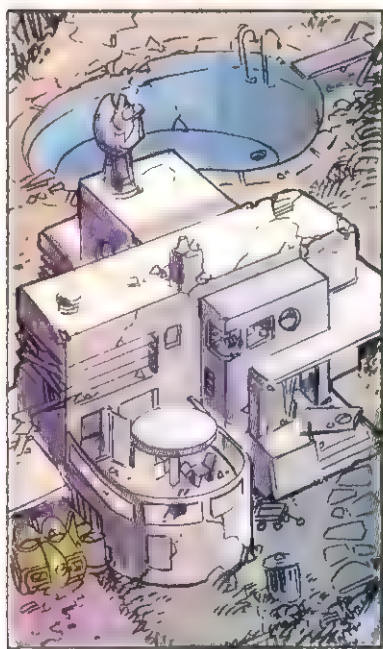
I SUGGEST YOU GIVE
ME BACK THE KEYS TO THE
SPACE COLPE AND WE GET
BACK TO THE OFFICE BEFORE
WE'RE MISSED.

...BY THE WAY
HAVE YOU EVER
CONSIDERED THE TROPICAL
BEACHES OF ALTAIR 4,
QUITE LOVELY THIS
TIME OF YEAR...

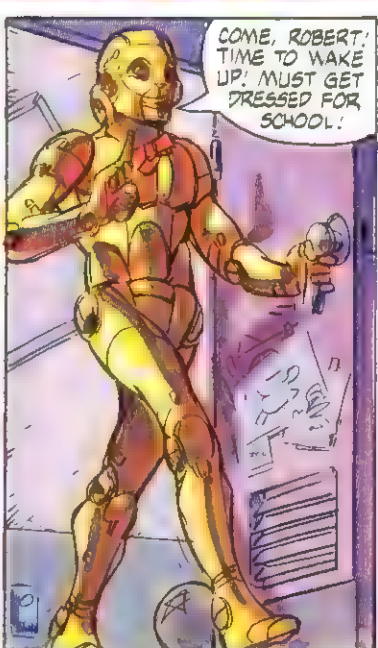
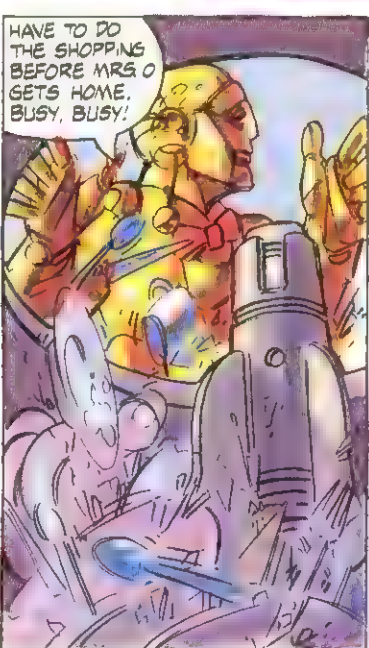
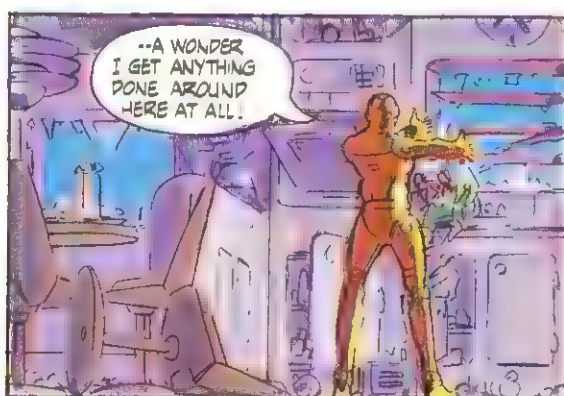
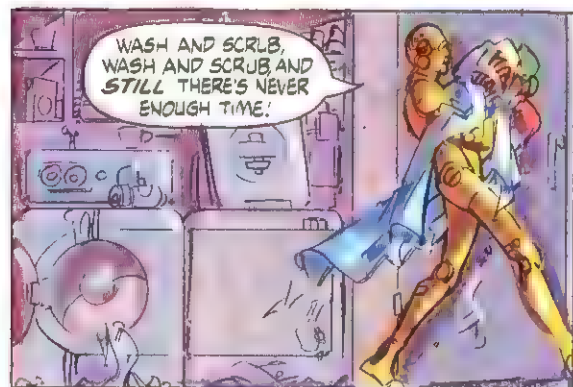
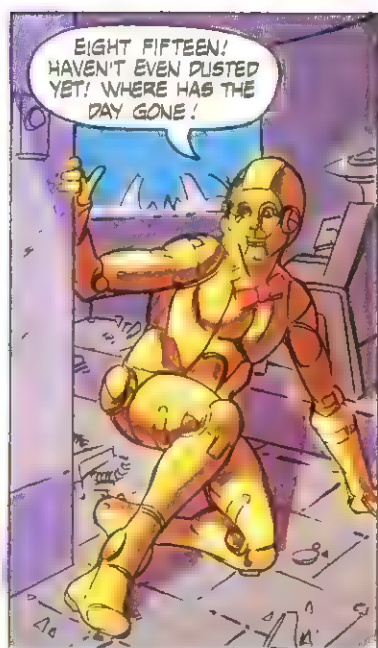
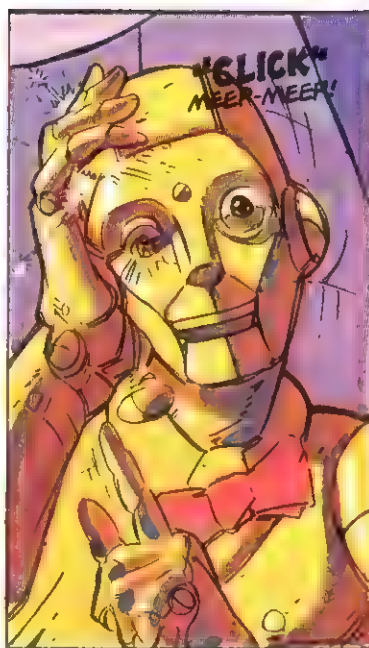
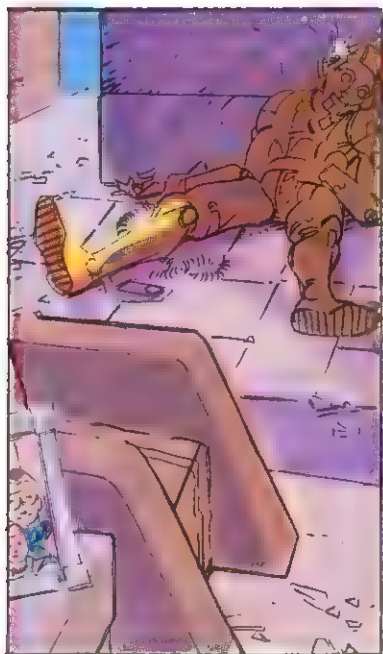
the
End

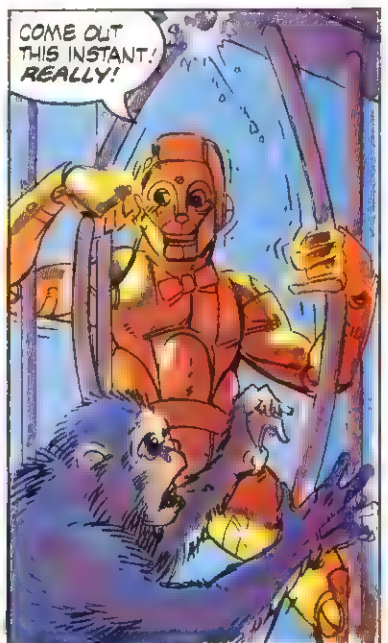
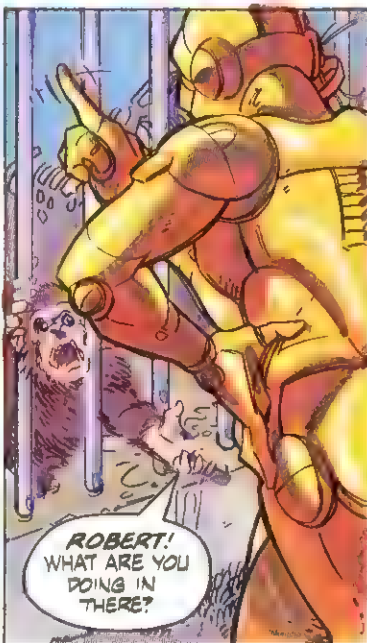
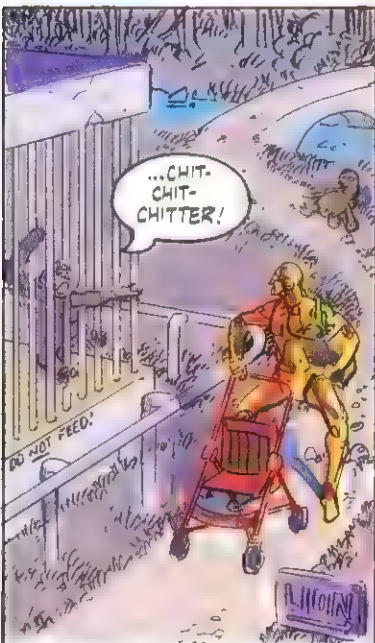
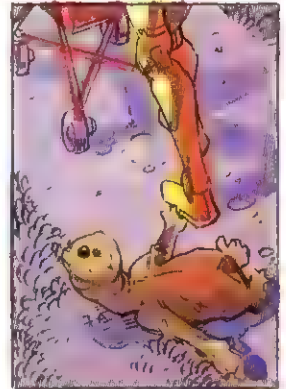
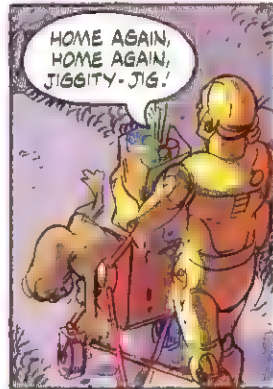
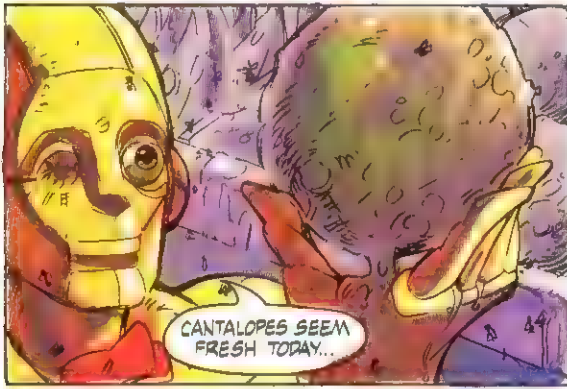
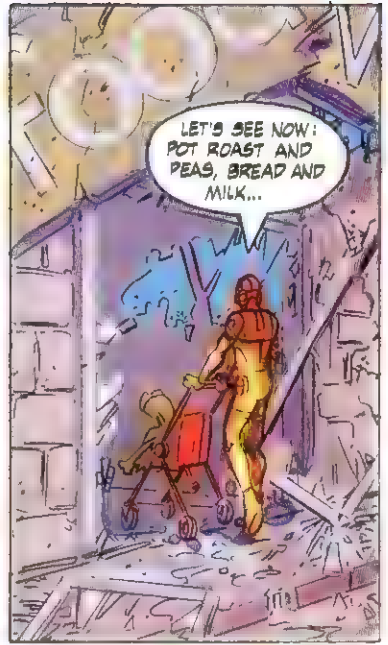
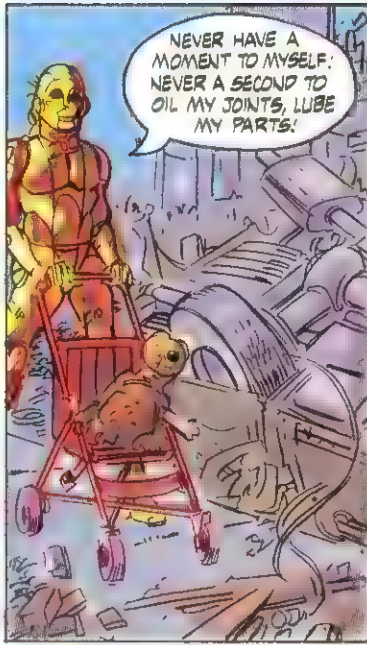


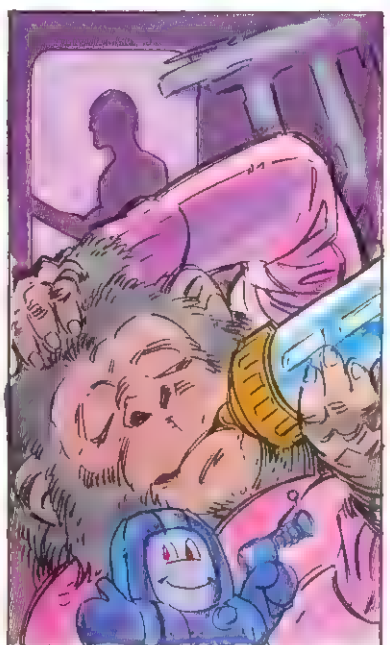
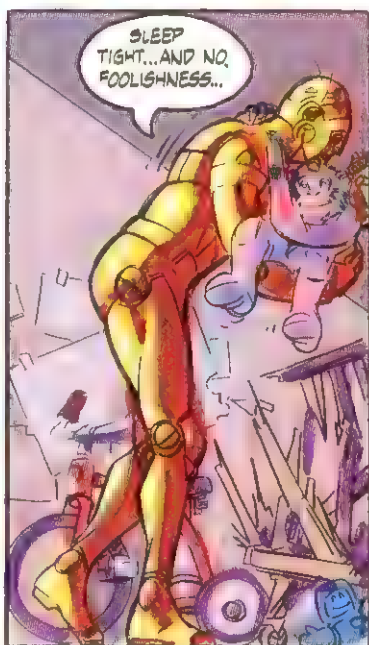
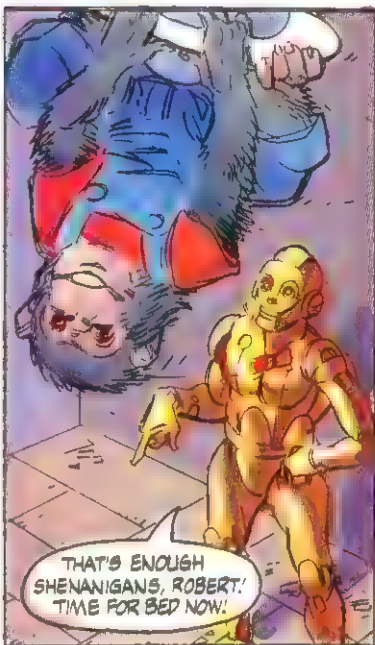
ONE DAY IN OHIO

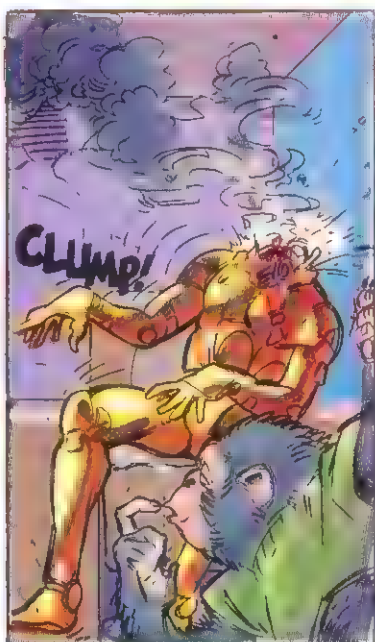
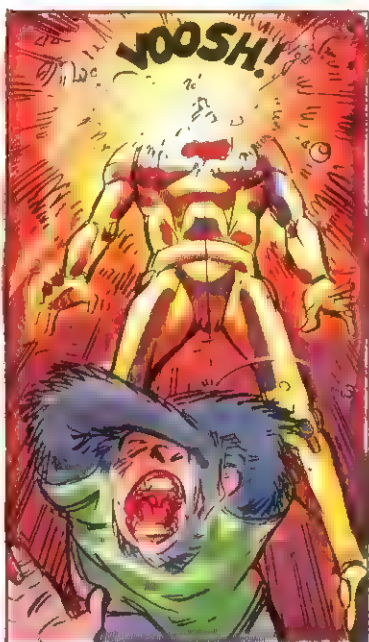
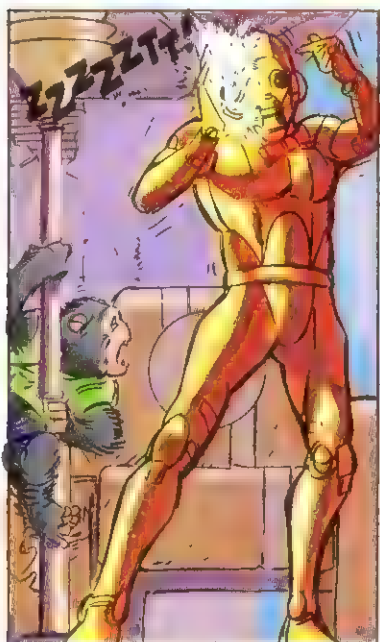
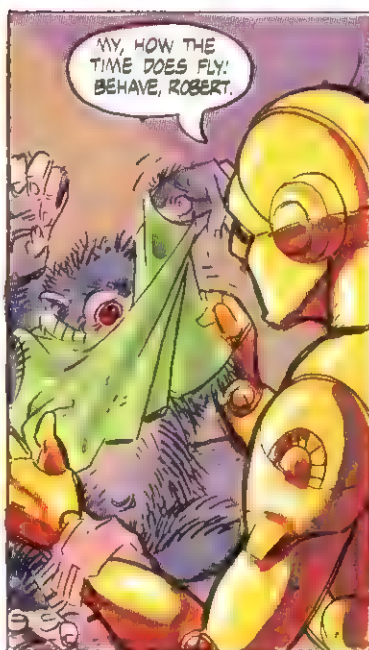
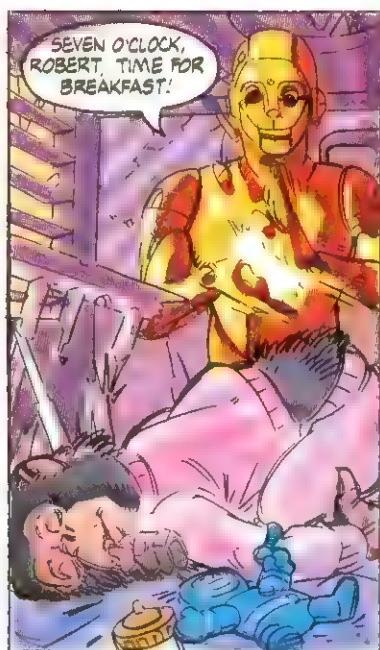


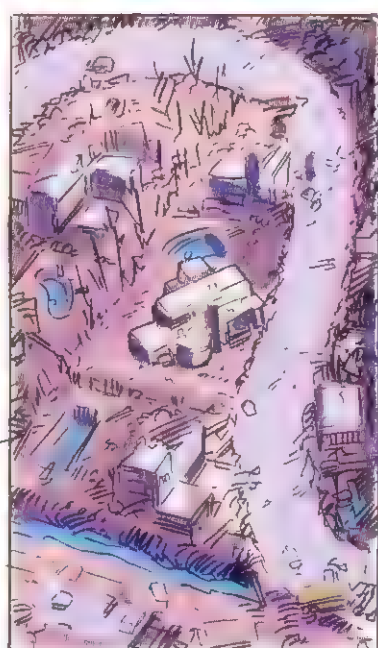
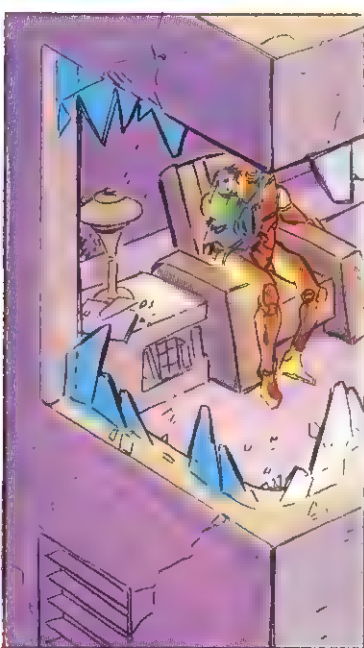
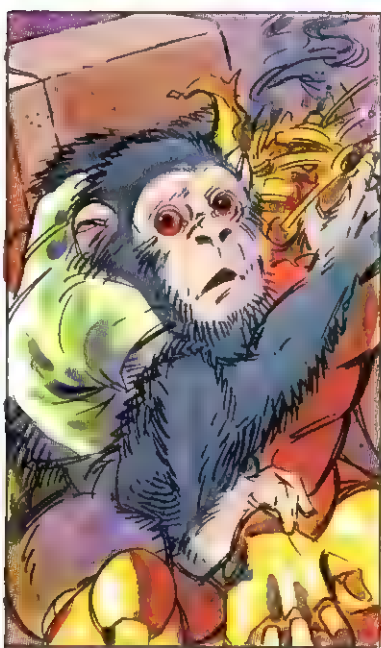
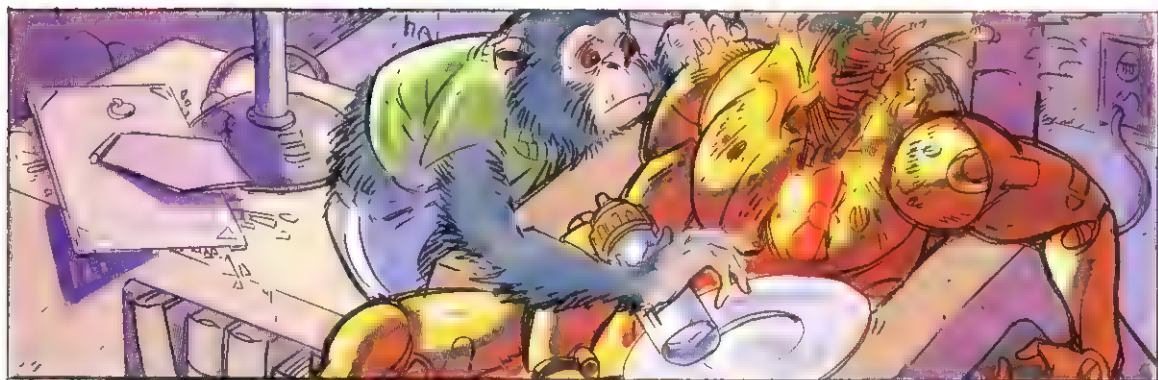
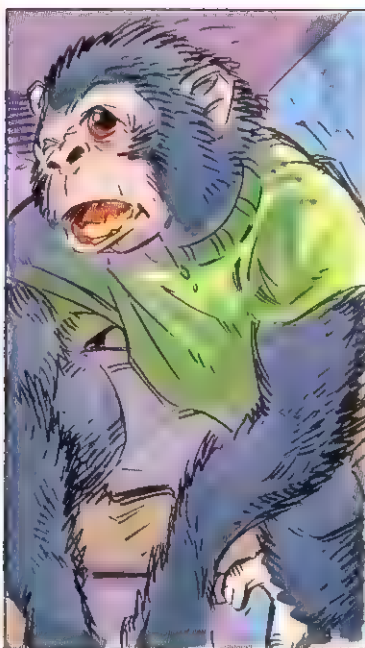
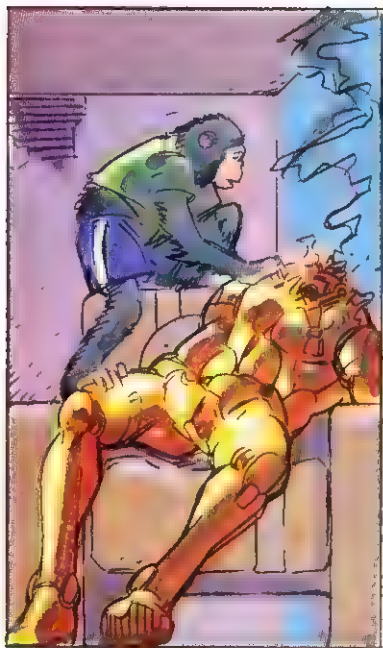
SCRIPT: BRUCE JONES ART AND COLORING: KEN STEACY
 Lettering: Carrie McCarthy

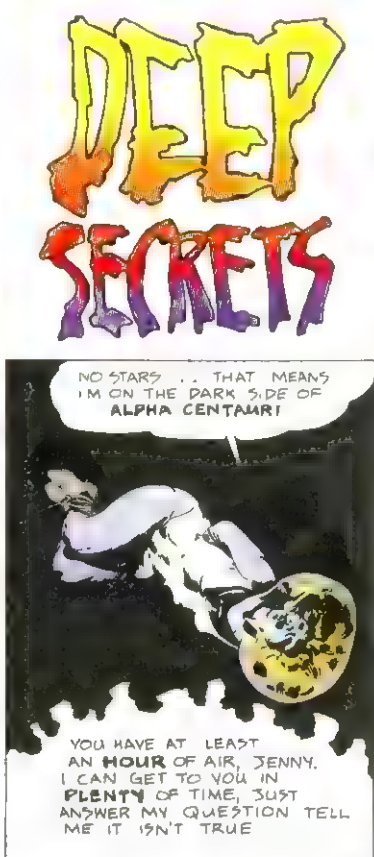
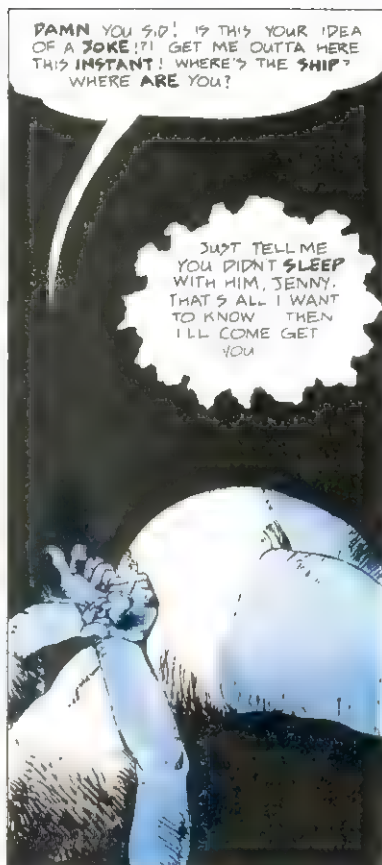


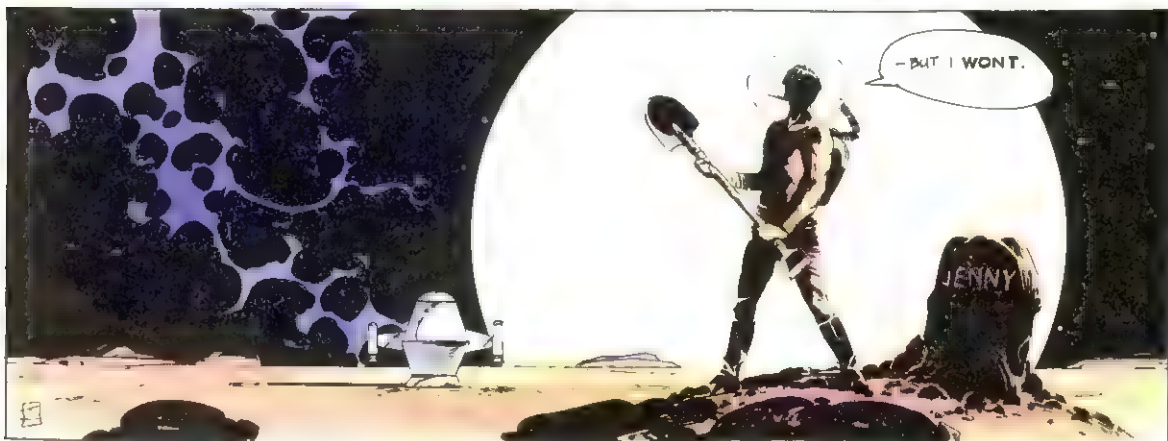
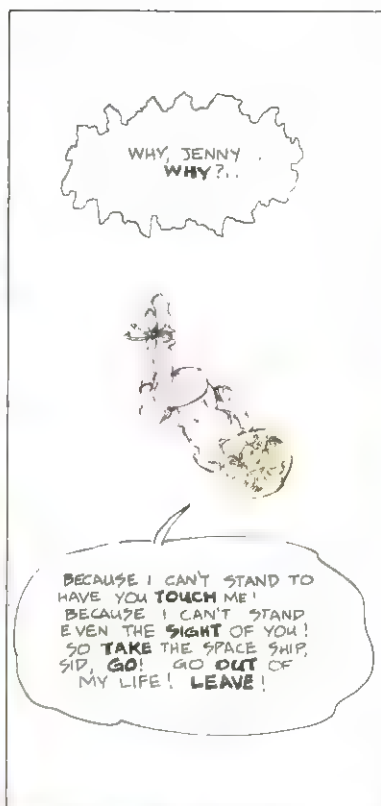
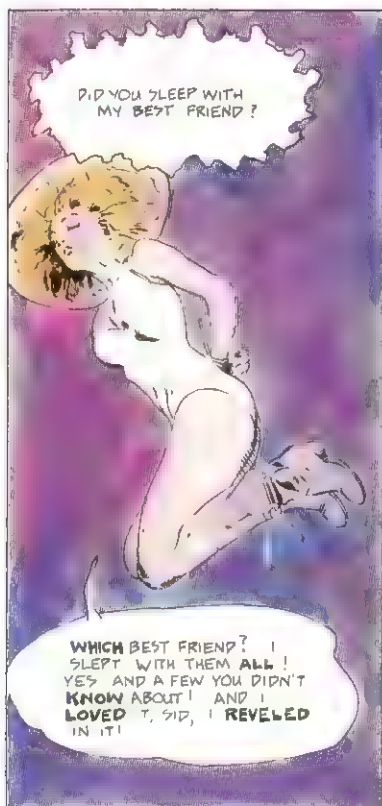












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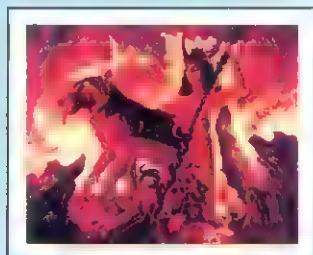
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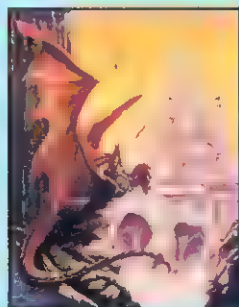
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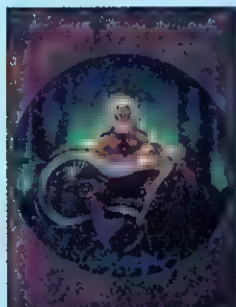
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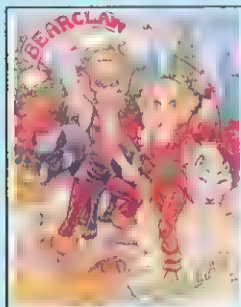
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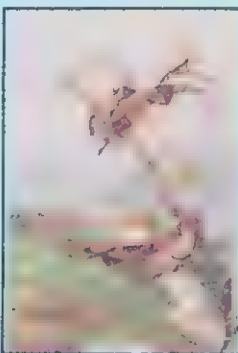


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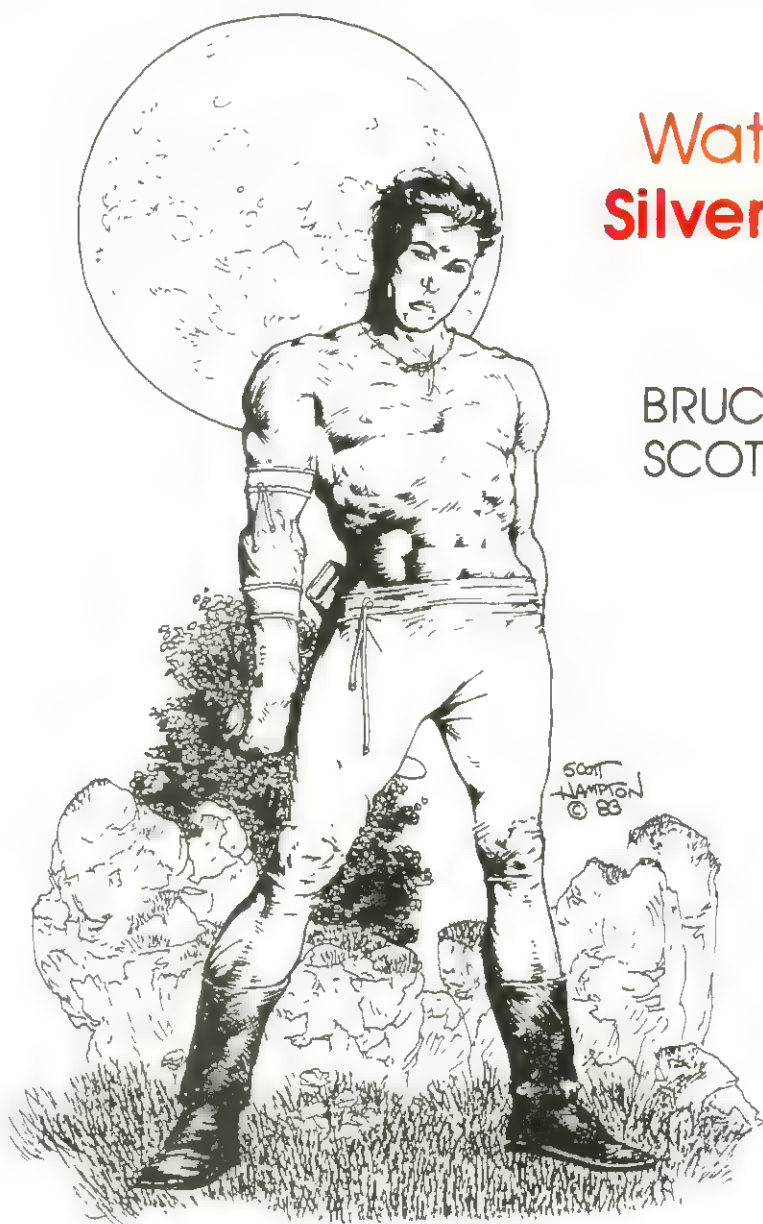
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Watch for **Silverheels #1**

BRUCE JONES
SCOTT HAMPTON

Scott Hampton is a major new art talent. He is turning heads wherever he goes, and as more of his work is published his following is sure to grow. Readers have seen his first Pacific Comics appearance in *Alien Worlds* #3, where he illustrated one of Bruce Jones' finest scripts, "The Inheritors," in pages that are actually full-color *paintings*—far removed from the normal line-art-with-colors that constitute normal comic fare. We were all so pleased with the results of the *Alien Worlds* job, that we immediately began developing an entire comic package to display Hampton's considerable talent. *Silverheels* is the happy result. It's a 32-page comic book printed on "Pacific Ultra-Gloss" stock, utilizing the full process color required to best reproduce Hampton's striking technique.

The story is Bruce Jones at his best. It is the saga of *Silverheels*, an Indian alive in the distant future. Earth is controlled by a highly-evolved, ruthless master race. They are on probation from an all-powerful galactic federation, which views them as a potential danger. The Earth people have concealed vast reservation-sized enclosures where other ethnic types have been enclosed for generations. It is in such a camp, among the Indians in Arizona that *Silverheels* is born.

Silverheels has a destiny to fulfill. This is a story that weaves mysticism, science fiction, and adventure in the classic style. Emotion and character develop into a visionary, strikingly-colored tapestry. Another chapter in the history of the "new era" in comics is written.

Coming this Fall from Pacific Comics!

LAND OF THE FHRE

EARTH WAS DEAD. THE VISITORS FROM THE STARS, THE FHRE, HAD SEEN TO THAT. ON THE ENTIRE SURFACE OF THE RAYAGED, BOMBED-OUT PLANET, ONLY THREE HUMANS YET SURVIVED...



WHY THE FHRE HAD PERMITTED THESE THREE TO LIVE WAS NOT YET CLEAR...PERHAPS IT WAS ONLY MALICIOUS TORTURE...PERHAPS SOMETHING ELSE...

THERE GOES LAS VEGAS
...THAT'S THE END OF IT,
THE VERY LAST CITY...
NICE OF THEM TO LET
US WATCH IT...

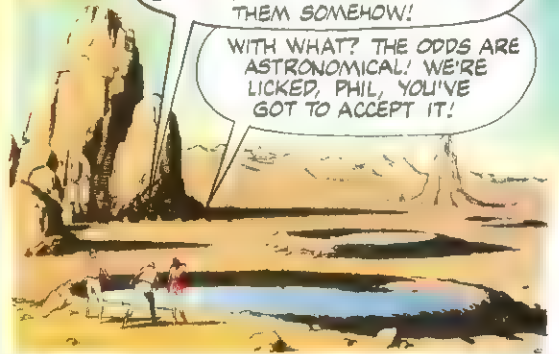
TAKE IT
EASY, PHIL,
THERE'S NOTHING
ANY OF US CAN
DO ABOUT IT
NOW...



LATER...

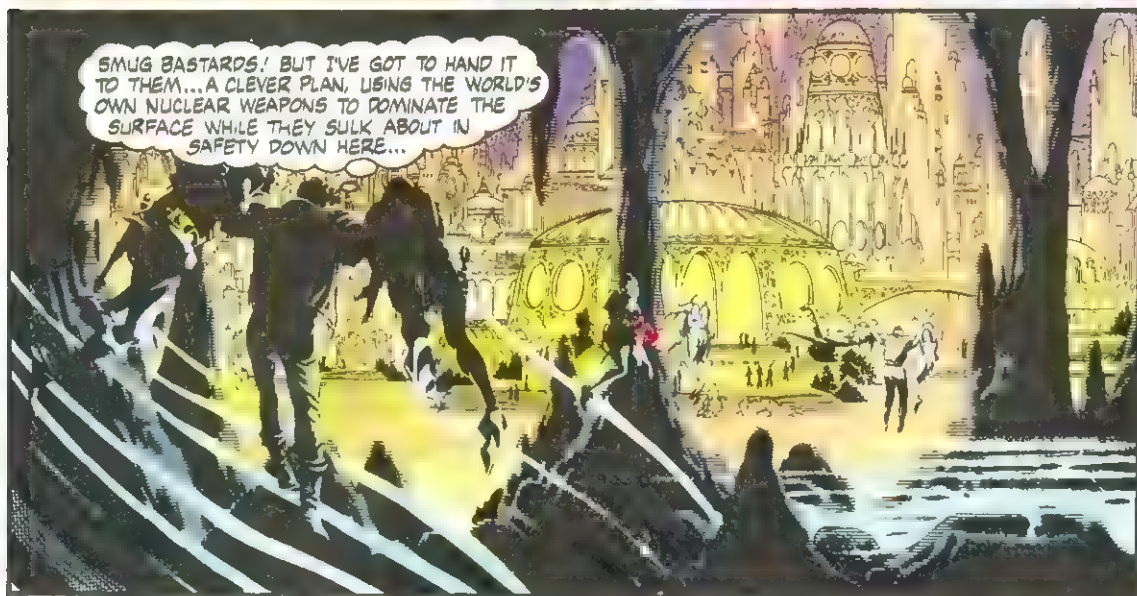
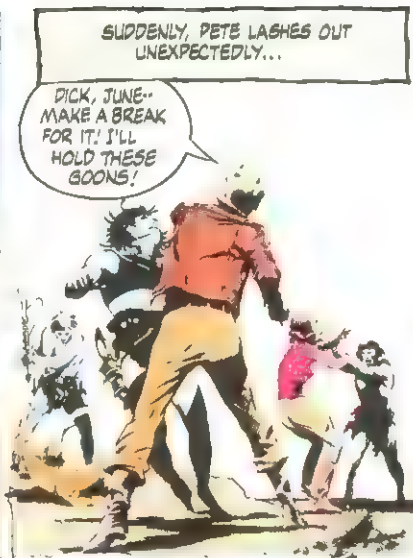
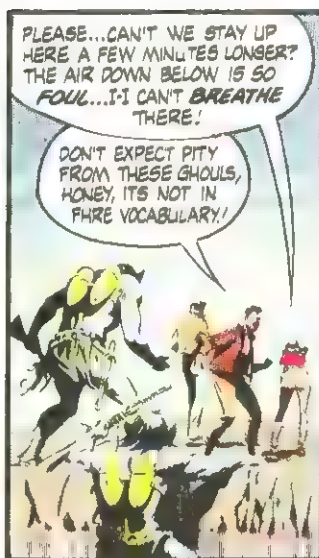
I CAN'T LET MYSELF BELIEVE THAT,
JUNE. THERE MAY BE ONLY THREE OF
US LEFT, BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT
THEM SOMEHOW!

WITH WHAT? THE ODDS ARE
ASTRONOMICAL! WE'RE
LICKED, PHIL, YOU'VE
GOT TO ACCEPT IT!



I'LL NEVER ACCEPT IT! I'LL RESIST
THEM AT EVERY TURN! THE HUMAN
RACE WILL TRIUMPH!





THE TRIO IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE ALIEN LEADER..

SOME EXPLANATION, EARTHLINGS, BEFORE WE PROCEED FURTHER: YOU'VE NO DOUBT WONDERED WHY YOU'VE BEEN SPARED...



QUITE SIMPLY, WE NEED YOU! WE HAVE PLANS, YOU SEE, TO TURN THIS PART OF THE PLANET INTO A KIND OF "LIVING MUSEUM" FOR THE EDIFICATION OF OUR PEOPLE! CULTURALLY AND TECHNICALLY YOUR RACE IS WORTHLESS TO US; WE RECOGNIZE, HOWEVER, ITS PLACE IN THE ORDER OF THINGS. WE ARE OBLIGED, THEREFORE, TO RETAIN A PORTION OF IT FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS OF FHRE TO STUDY. EVEN NOW CONSTRUCTION IS UNDERWAY FOR THE PRIMAL MAN EXHIBIT DIRECTLY ABOVE US..



"THAT WILL BE FOLLOWED BY SUBSEQUENT DIORAMAS FEATURING EVERY EPOCH OF YOUR PLANET'S--SHALL WE SAY INAUSPICIOUS--HISTORY!"



"THERE WILL BE DETAILED HOLOGRAMS ILLUSTRATING THE PARALLELS BETWEEN YOUR RACE AND OURS, CLEARLY SHOWING THE OBVIOUS SUPERIORITY OF THE LATTER."



"WORKMEN ARE CURRENTLY CARVING OUT NEW QUARTERS FOR THE THREE OF YOU IN THE SOUTHERN WING OF THE MAIN CAVERN. HERE YOU WILL LIVE OUT YOUR LIVES..."



ALTHOUGH WE HAVE CONFISCATED EVERY FORM OF HISTORICAL INFORMATION ON YOUR SPECIES, THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE LIVING MIND; YOU THREE WILL BE ALLOWED TO SURVIVE THAT WE MAY CONDUCT FURTHER EXPERIMENTS..

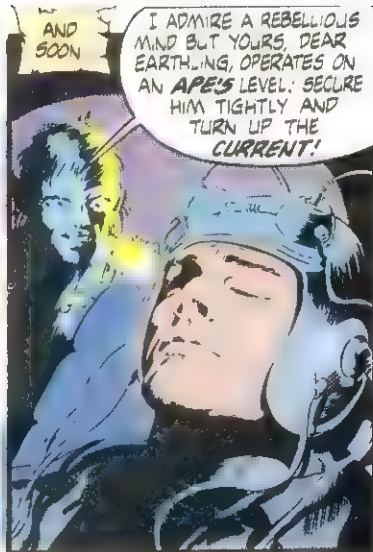
YOU THREE STRANGERS WERE CHOSEN BOTH FOR YOUR INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY AND YOUR REPRODUCTIVE CAPACITY. THE FEMALE IS (HEH-HEH) ESPECIALLY FERTILE...





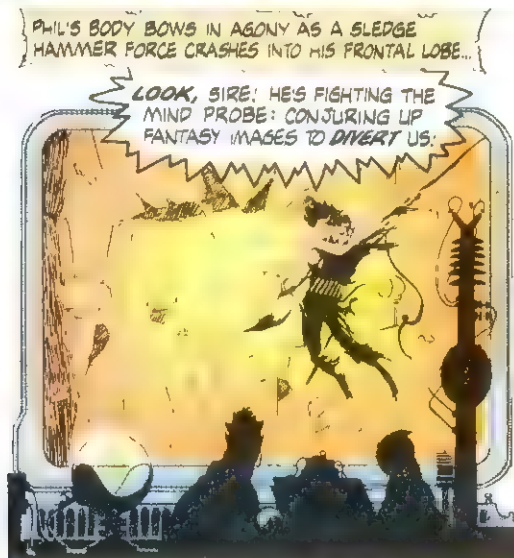
PHIL CAN NO LONGER STAND IDLY BY; HE MAKES A DIVE FOR THE NEAREST GUARD...

IDIOT! IS THERE NO END TO YOUR HISTRONICS? GRAB HIM! LASH HIM TO THE MIND SCAN!



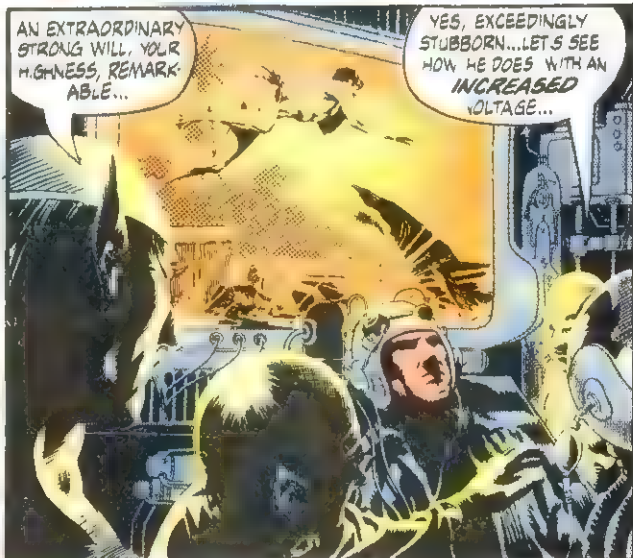
AND SOON

I ADMIRE A REBELLIOUS MIND BUT YOURS, DEAR EARTH-LING, OPERATES ON AN **APES** LEVEL: SECURE HIM TIGHTLY AND TURN UP THE **CURRENT!**



PHIL'S BODY BOWS IN AGONY AS A SLEDGE HAMMER FORCE CRASHES INTO HIS FRONTAL LOBE...

LOOK, SIRE! HE'S FIGHTING THE MIND PROBE: CONJURING UP FANTASY IMAGES TO DIVERT US:



AN EXTRAORDINARY STRONG WILL, YOUR HIGHNESS, REMARKABLE...

YES, EXCEEDINGLY STUBBORN...LET'S SEE HOW HE DOES WITH AN **INCREASED VOLTAGE...**



ALL RIGHT, GET HIM AND THE OTHER MALE OUT OF HERE, I WANT TO EXPERIMENT WITH THE FEMALE...



JUNE IS PLACED UPON THE OBSERVATION TABLE...

SIMILAR PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES AS OUR OWN SPECIES...HM-M...BRING IN THAT BIG CENTURIAN AT THE DOOR, LET'S AMUSE OURSELVES...



PHIL AND DICK ARE LED FROM THE KING'S CHAMBER ACROSS A LAVA BRIDGE TOWARD THEIR NEW QUARTERS...

STOP DREAMING, WILL YOU, PHIL? COME BACK TO REALITY, WE'RE LICKED!

NOT AS LONG AS WE'RE ALIVE! LISTEN, THERE AREN'T THAT MANY OF THEM AND THEY'RE ALL CONTAINED HERE IN THE CENTRAL CAVERN!



SNAP OUT OF IT, MAN! YOU'RE LIVING IN A DREAM WORLD!

NO! IF ONE OF US CAN GET TO THEIR MAIN REACTOR, REVERSE THE CORE, WE CAN BEAT THEM!



I'LL DECOY THEM DOWN THIS GALLERY--YOU GET TO THAT ENGINE ROOM!



TWISTS AND TURNS DOWN EVERY AVAILABLE TUNNEL, UNTIL...

KING ZHOT WILL REWARD ME HANDSOMELY FOR YOUR CAPTURE, EARTH-MAN!



ANOTHER FIRE GUARD RUSHES ONTO THE SCENE IN TIME TO SEE...

THE EARTHLING IS PULLING THEM BOTH INTO THE LAVA STREAM!



GONE!



--BUT NOT FORGOTTEN!



OKAY, DICK, I'VE GOT ONE OF THEM "TALKED INTO" TAKING YOU TO THE ENGINE ROOM. I'M GOING BACK FOR JUNE!

COME TO YOUR SENSES, WILL YOU, PHIL! THIS IS MAD!



MAD OR NOT, IT'S BETTER THAN ROTTING DOWN HERE FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES! SEE YOU LATER!

I WISH YOU'D LISTEN TO ME, PHIL...

SEVERAL BLIND ALLEYS, A FEW CLOSE CALLS, THEN PHIL AT LAST FINDS HIS WAY BACK TO THE PALACE...



GUARDS ALL OVER THE PLACE, GOT TO FIND ANOTHER ENTRANCE SOMEWHERE...

WHILE INSIDE, PHIL'S WORST NIGHTMARES ARE BECOMING A REALITY...

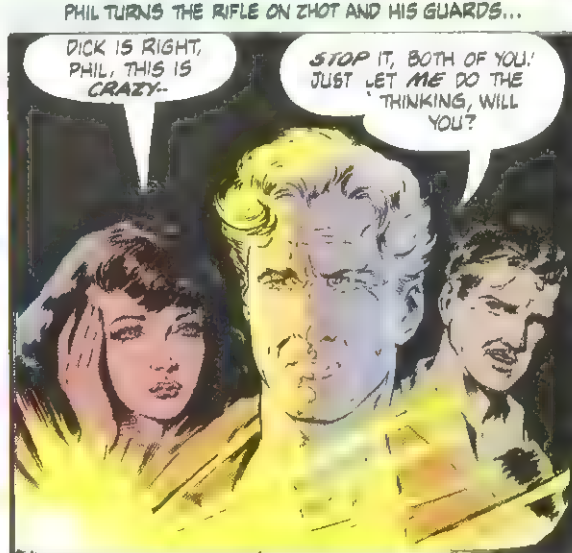
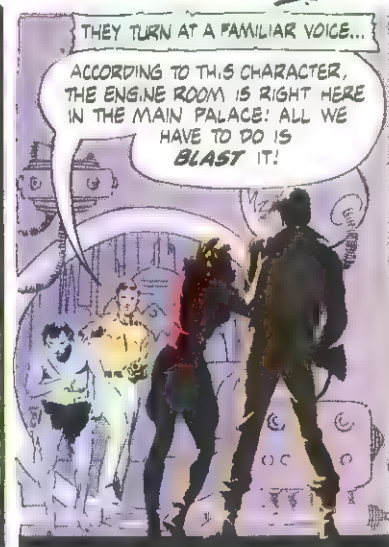
THE "SENSUAL" EXPERIMENTS WERE MOST *INTERESTING*, SIRE, LET'S SEE WHAT COMES OF A COMPARISON OF THEIR INNER MINDS!

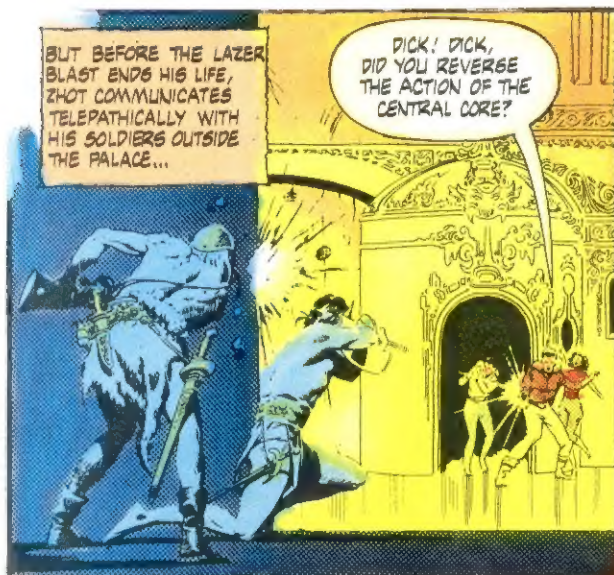


THE ENTIRE ROOM IS FILLED WITH AN EERIE, THROBBING GLOW...JUNE GASPS WEAKLY, HER BODY GOES RIGID...



BAW! AS YOU CAN SEE, SHE CLEARLY HAS THE MIND OF AN INSECT COMPARED TO EVEN ONE OF OUR LOWER-GRADE GUARDS! LET'S GET BACK TO THE MORE *STIMULATING* TESTS!





BUT BEFORE THE LAZER BLAST ENDS HIS LIFE, ZHOT COMMUNICATES TELEPATHICALLY WITH HIS SOLDIERS OUTSIDE THE PALACE...

DICK! DICK, DID YOU REVERSE THE ACTION OF THE CENTRAL CORE?



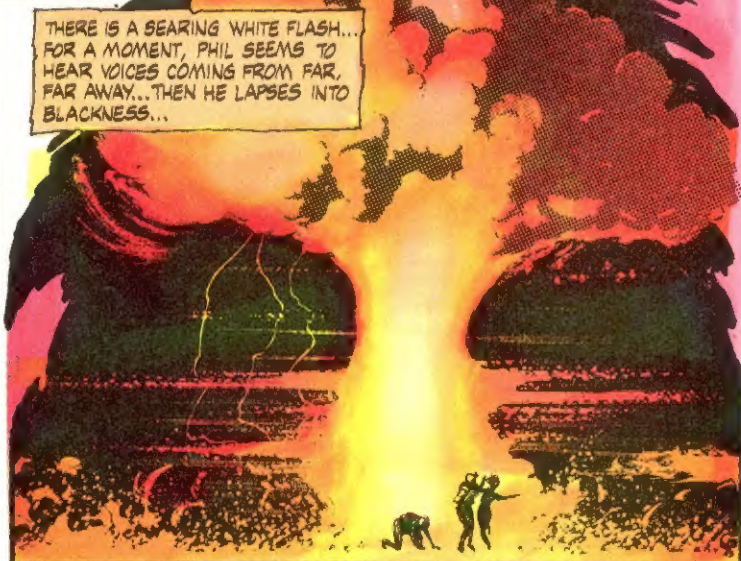
THEY GRAB ANTI-GRAV BELTS FROM THE DEAD GUARD AND HEAD TOWARD THE PLANET'S SURFACE ONCE MORE...

YES, PHIL, BUT THIS IS FUTILE! YOU'VE GOT TO QUIT DREAMING!



I'LL SHOW YOU DREAMING! JUST WATCH NOW...

THE CORE SHOULD EXPAND AT ANY MOMENT.



THERE IS A SEARING WHITE FLASH... FOR A MOMENT, PHIL SEEMS TO HEAR VOICES COMING FROM FAR, FAR AWAY... THEN HE LAPSES INTO BLACKNESS...

MEANWHILE...HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW THE EARTH'S CONTAMINATED SURFACE...



KING ZHOT WISHES AN AUDIENCE WITH US. IS HE ANY BETTER, DICK? HAS HE TALKED ONCE SINCE THAT FIRST JOLT OF CURRENT THROUGH HIM?

ONLY A FEW UNINTELLIGIBLE MUMBLES...SOMETHING ABOUT "WE'RE OUT"...MOSTLY HE JUST SITS THERE STARING...

I KEEP YELLING AT HIM TO SNAP OUT OF IT, THAT HE'S LIVING IN A DREAM WORLD, BUT I GUESS HE'S BEYOND HELP NOW. PITY. IT'S ALWAYS THOSE THAT FIGHT THE HARDEST THAT LOSE THE MOST...

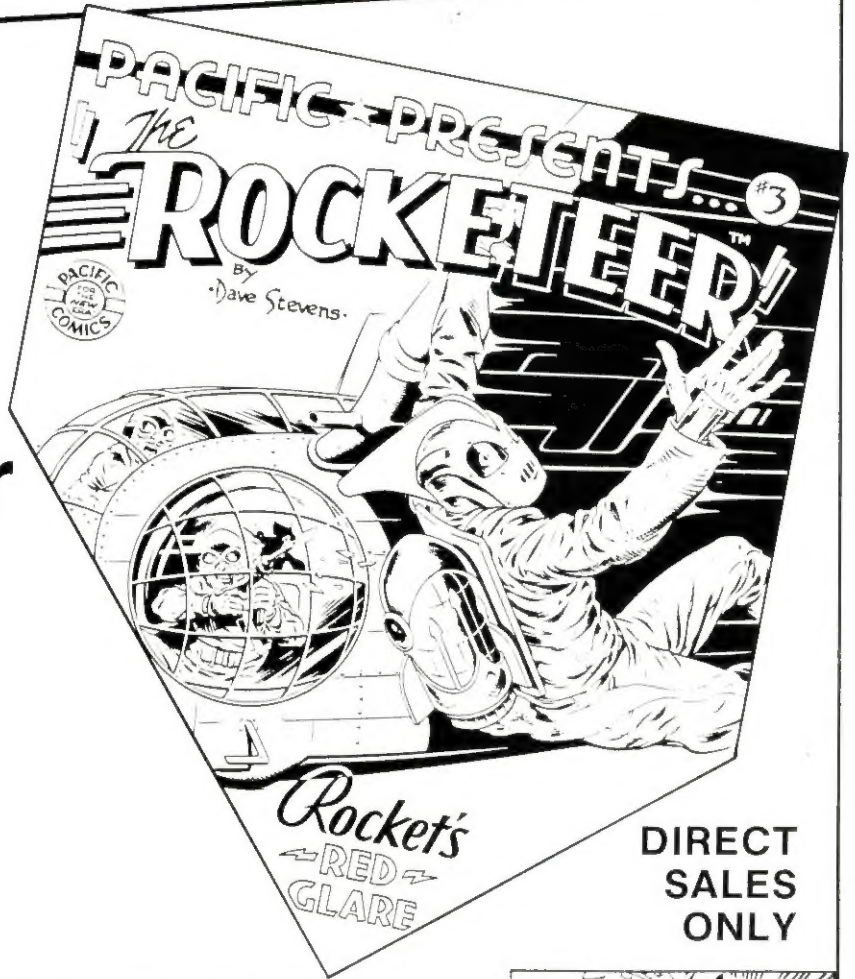


THE END

ON SALE SOON!



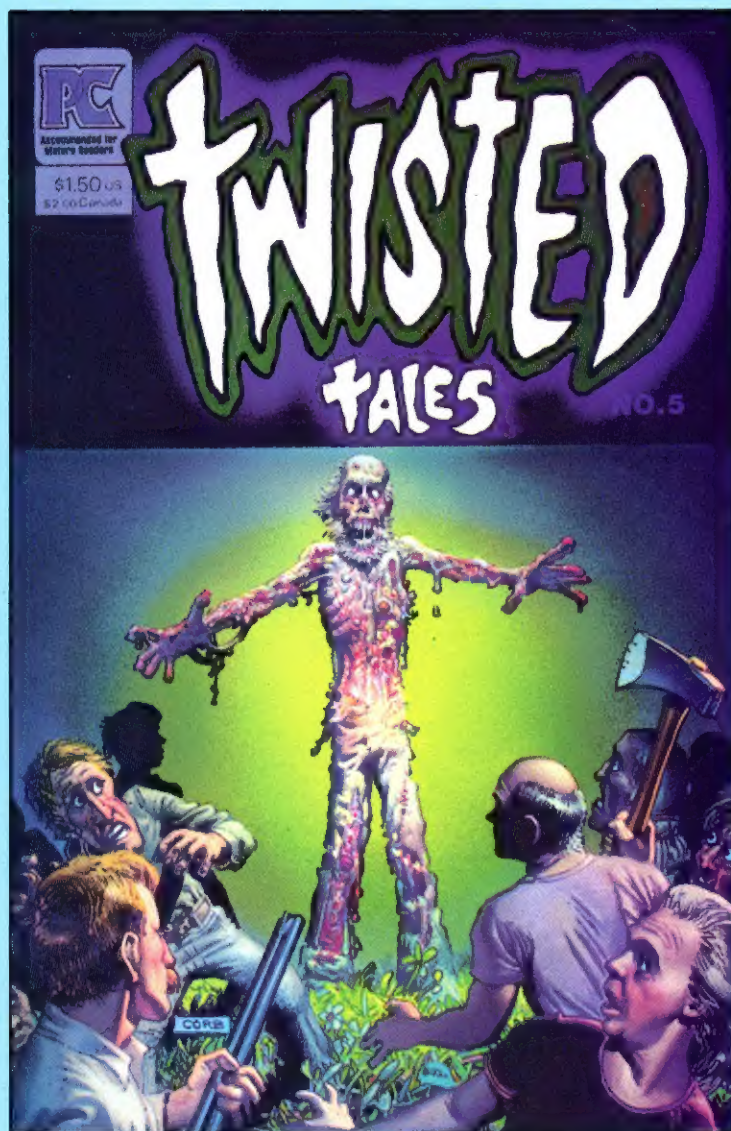
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HORROR STORIES to
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Written & Edited by **BRUCE JONES**

JOJO WAS A GOOD
LITTLE MONKEY POSTING
THIS COMIC BOOK!

SHARE
COMICS

